WESTERN ACTION AND THRILLS!

TWO-GUN KID

DEC.
NO. 5

10¢
K

Amazing New

ELECTRIC HEATER INVENTION BOILS WATER

JUST IMAGINE! THIS TINY HEATER BRINGS A GALLON OF WATER TO A BOIL IN ONLY 10 MINUTES!

Faster than gas or oil. "Hand-size" HY-SPEED Electric Heater heats water for all Home, Farm and Business Use! AC or DC current!

Special INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Complete with 6-foot cord

ONLY **$2.95**

SEND NO MONEY

Just mail coupon below. On arrival, pay postman only $2.95 plus C.O.D. postage. If you are not delighted with HY-SPEED, return in 10 days for full refund. (Cash orders sent prepaid). Order today!

IDEAL FOR FARMS

Connect Hy-Speed wherever needed! Get hot water quick for washing milk pails, separators, churns, etc.

FOR SUMMER COTTAGES

No longer need you heat up the whole cottage just for hot water. Portable Hy-Speed saves time and water, too!

FOR TRAILER CAMPS

Perfect for "cramped" quarters! Hy-Speed is no bigger than your hand, yet heats water faster than gas or oil!

Now, with new HY-SPEED Electric Water Heater, enjoy instant hot water for washing dishes, clothes, shaving, sterilizing, cleaning, etc., in summer or winter, day or night! Just place handy HY-SPEED in container with desired amount of water—in a short time have Steaming Hot Water! HY-SPEED boils one quart of water in 3 minutes; one gallon in just 10 minutes! Excellent for homes, farms, garages, wherever electricity is available! Amazing HY-SPEED is no bigger than your hand—yet built to last years! Originally $3.75, now yours for only $2.95! Order this money-saving electric heater today!

Mail This Coupon Today

Nu-Way Heater Co., Dept. 54 L
148 Monroe Ave., N.W., Grand Rapids 2, Mich.

Please rush me the amazing new Hy-Speed Electric Water Heater for only $2.95 on Money-Back Guarantee if not satisfied.

☐ Send C.O.D.
☐ Cash Enclosed. Send Postpaid.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

NU-WAY HEATER CO.

Dept. 54 L 148 MONROE AVENUE, N.W
GRAND RAPIDS 2, MICH.

TWO-GUN KID is published bi-monthly by MARVEL COMICS, INC. Office of Publication: 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter under the Act of March 3, 1879 at the post office at New York, N. Y. Additional entry at Medina, Ohio. Vol. 1 No. 5 DECEMBER 1948 issue. Price 10c per copy.

Copyright 1948 by MARVEL COMICS, INC., 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions appearing in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in the U.S.A.

Editorial Consultant: Jean Thompson, M. D., Psychiatrist, Child Guidance Bureau;
Board of Education, New York City

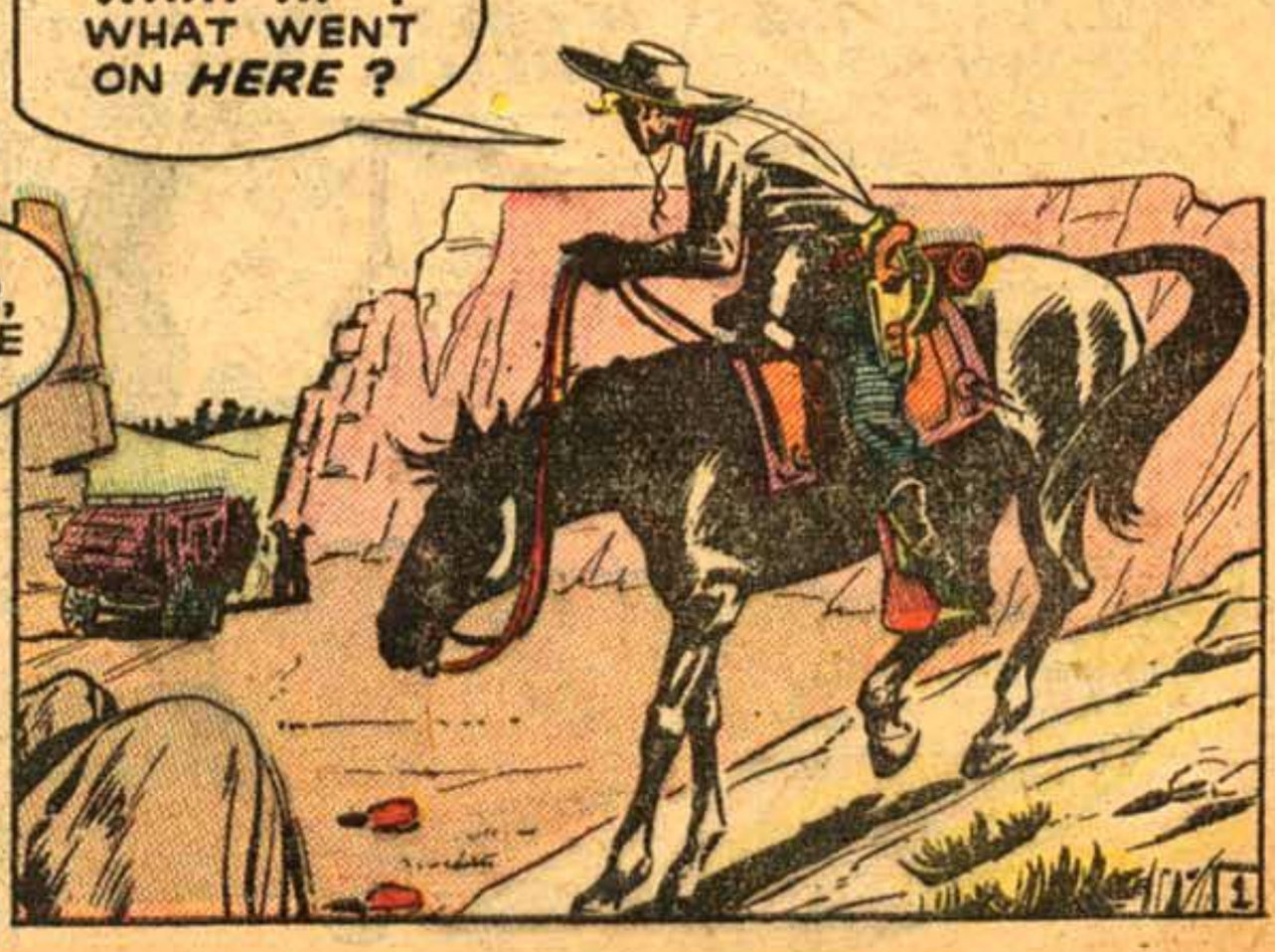
THE TWO-GUN KID

WHO IS THE ELUSIVE RIDER IN BLACK? WHERE DID THIS MYSTERIOUS FIGURE COME FROM? WHEN WILL THE CRITTER STRIKE AGAIN? THESE ARE THE QUESTIONS THAT FACE THE ***TWO-GUN KID*** WHEN HE DRAWS CARDS IN A GAME OF ROBBERY AND KIDNAPING AGAINST—

"THE RIDER OF THE OWLHOOT TRAIL!"

ALONG THE OLD WAGON TRAIL RIDES A HAPPY-GO-LUCKY KNIGHT OF THE RANGE, A GAY SONG ON HIS LIPS, FOR ALL'S RIGHT WITH THE WORLD AND THE TWO-GUN KID!

BUT A MOMENT LATER, AS HE ROUNDS A BEND IN THE ROAD...



THAT *CONSARNED COYOTE!* THAT NO ACCOUNT DRY-GULCHER! EF'N I EVER GIT MUH MITTS ON HIM, I'LL... I'LL...

CALM DOWN, PARDNER, AND TELL THE TWO-GUN KID WHAT HAPPENED!

WELL, TWO-GUN, IT'S THET *BLACK RIDER!* HE CAME WHOOPIN' DOWN ON US LIKE A *COMANCHE!* AFORE WE COULD DO ANYTHING, HE HAD THE DROP, FORCED EVERYONE OUT OF THE STAGE, TIED US UP-- AND *HERE'S* THE *ODD* PART-- *HE DIDN'T TAKE A CENT!* AND WE'RE CARRYIN' A *LOAD* OF *BULLION!*

THE BLACK RIDER, HUH? I'VE HEARD OF THE HOMBRE! MAYBE HE HASN'T GONE FAR! I'LL SEE IF I CAN PICK UP HIS TRAIL!

WITHOUT ANY TROUBLE, THE KEEN-EYED TWO-GUN KID EASILY FOLLOWS THE TRAIL OF THE BLACK RIDER...

HMM... IT'S AS EASY AS TRAILING A BEAR TO A HONEY TREE! CAN'T MAKE THIS BLACK RIDER OUT THOUGH! HE'S BEEN CAUSIN' ALL KINDS OF RUCKUS, BUT *NEVER STEALS!*

SUDDENLY A LARIAT SNAKES ACROSS THE TWO-GUN KID'S SHOULDERS, AND JERKS HIM OUT OF THE SADDLE...

MUST BE GETTIN' CLOSE NOW! I'LL... *(ULP!)*

AND A MOMENT LATER, THE TWO-GUN KID DANGLES HELPLESSLY FROM THE LIMBS OF A TREE AS HIS CAPTOR MAKES AN APPEARANCE...

WELL, WELL... *THE TWO-GUN KID!* HOW'S EVERYTHING, TWO-GUN? FEELING A LITTLE *UPSET*, ARE YOU?

IF I GET DOWN FROM HERE, I'LL TEAR YOU APART!

WANT TO COME DOWN? WITH *PLEASURE*, MY FRIEND! *WITH PLEASURE!*

OWWW!

BOOM!

COME BACK HERE, YOU, OR I'LL...

BYE—BYE, TWO-GUN! HOPE YOU DON'T *ACHE* TOO MUCH!

I'M GETTING AFTER THAT *CLOWN!* AND WHEN I CATCH UP, IT'LL EITHER BE *HIM* OR *ME!*

LATER, AS THE KID GALLOPS PAST A RANCH HOUSE...

TWO-GUN KID! TWO-GUN KID! HOLD UP!

IT'S OLD HANK LEWIS! *WHAT'S UP,* OLD-TIMER?

IT'S MUH NIECE FROM THE EAST! SHE'S BEEN STAYIN' WITH ME! SHE'S BEEN *KIDNAPED* BY THE *BLACK RIDER!*

THE *BLACK RIDER!* HOW DO YOU *KNOW,* HANK?

THIS HERE NOTE WAS WRAPPED AROUND A ROCK AN' TOSSED THROUGH MY WINDOW A FEW MINUTES AGO! I WAS GOIN' FOR THE SHERIFF WHEN YOU CAME BY!

A NOTE, HUH?

I HAVE YOUR NIECE AND INTEND TO KEEP HER! AND IF THE RANSOM'S GREAT, I'LL MAKE IT STEEPER!

The Black Rider

HANK, I HAVE A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH THE BLACK RIDER *MYSELF!* NOW WHAT'S THE STORY ON YOUR NIECE?

HER NAME'S *KIM LEWIS!* SHE WORKED WITH A TRAVELIN' CIRCUS AS A BAREBACK RIDER TILL SHE HAD A FALL! SHE CAME OUT HERE TO REST UP! SHE'S BEEN WITH ME FOR THREE MONTHS NOW! A *PURTY* GAL, PURTY AS A PICTURE! DON'T KNOW *WHAT* I'LL TELL HER PAW! *HE'S* MUH BROTHER JED!

I SEE! SO SHE'S A STRANGER IN THE WEST, EH?

OH NO! SHE TROUPED THROUGH HERE WITH THE CIRCUS A COUPLE OF TIMES-- HAD A WILD WEST ACT IN THE SHOW! SHE CAN ROPE AN' RIDE LIKE A REG'LAR COWHAND!

THAT BLACK RIDER HAS PLAYED ONE HAND *TOO MANY* THIS TIME!

GOOD LUCK, KID!

CYCLONE, BEFORE WE'RE THROUGH WITH THIS CASE, I'M AFRAID THAT THE BLACK RIDER'S GOING TO CAUSE US A LOT OF TROUBLE! THERE'S SOMETHING MIGHTY *STRANGE* ABOUT THAT HOMBRE!

SUDDENLY, THERE IS THE SHARP CRACK OF A PISTOL, AND THE KID'S HAT FLIES FROM HIS HEAD, PIERCED THROUGH THE CROWN BY A SLUG FROM A .44...

WOW! THAT WAS MIGHTY CLOSE... *TOO CLOSE!*

AH, *THERE* HE IS, THE SIDE-WINDER! *I'LL* TEACH HIM NOT TO DRY-GULCH *ME!*

AHHHH!

BANG!

BUT AFTER SCRAMBLING UP THE ROCKS THE TWO-GUN KID FINDS THAT HE HAS BEEN HOODWINKED BY HIS ASSAILANT...

WHAT TH--! IT'S A *BOOBY TRAP!* WONDER WHERE THE VARMINT *IS!*

...AND AGAIN A LARIAT SUDDENLY PINS THE KID'S ARMS TO HIS SIDES...

HERE I AM!

BLACK RIDER...

WELL, WELL! *HOW'RE THINGS*, TWO-GUN?

YOU DIRTY, NO-GOOD, LOW-DOWN, SNIVELIN', DRY-GULCHIN' *COYOTE!* JUST LET ME GET OUTTA THIS ROPE AND I'LL...

TUT, TUT! *TEMPER!* WHY, YOU'RE BURNING UP! I HAVE *JUST* THE THING TO *COOL YOU OFF!*

THERE! DOESN'T *THAT* FEEL GOOD?

YOU... YOU...

GOOD-BYE, NOW! I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN, TWO-GUN!

WRIGGLING FREE, THE ANGERED KID RACES FOR HIS HORSE...

THIS IS *ONE TIME* THE BLACK RIDER *ISN'T GETTING AWAY!* I'LL CATCH HIM IF I HAVE TO CHASE HIM *CLEAR* TO *CALIFORNIA!*

THE MIGHTY CYCLONE STRAINS HIMSELF TO THE UTMOST, AND SOON THE TWO-GUN KID CLOSES THE GAP BETWEEN HIMSELF AND THE MYSTERIOUS BLACK RIDER...

RECKON I COULD SHOOT HIM OUT OF THE SADDLE, BUT I WANT TO *FIND OUT WHERE* HE HAS THE *GAL!* SO IT'S THE OLD ROPE, THIS TIME!

WITH UNERRING ACCURACY, THE TWO-GUN KID'S LARIAT FINDS ITS TARGET AND THE RIDER IS PITCHED OUT OF THE SADDLE AS HIS HORSE STOPS ABRUPTLY!

YOU'RE NOT GETTING AWAY *THIS* TIME, HOMBRE! YOU PLAYED WITH FIRE *JUST ONCE TOO OFTEN!*

NOW I'LL MAKE YOU TALK!

OHHH...

NOW I'LL... *TARNATION!* YOU'RE A *GAL!*

♪ HELLO! ♪

I MAY AS WELL OWN UP! I'M KIM LEWIS!

Y-Y-YOU? BUT WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT?

WELL, I WAS BORED OUT HERE, SO I DREAMED UP THE WHOLE IDEA OF THE BLACK RIDER! AND IN ORDER TO ACCOUNT FOR MY ABSENCE, I KIDNAPED MYSELF! DON'T YOU THINK THAT'S CLEVER?

I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU JUST HOW CLEVER I THINK IT IS!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

THIS! IT'S SOMETHING THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN DONE A LONG TIME AGO!

OWWW!

NOW WE'RE GOING BACK TO YOUR UNCLE! I'LL TELL HIM SOME STORY! AND IF I EVER HEAR OF THE BLACK RIDER MAKING TROUBLE AGAIN, I'LL COME BACK AND REALLY WHIP YOU!

BACK AT HANK'S RANCH, THE KID TELLS AN ELABORATE TALE OF HOW HE RESCUED KIM FROM THE CLUTCHES OF THE BLACK RIDER...

THERE!

(ULP!) LEMME GO! LEMME GO, YOU CONSARNED FEMALE!

THE TWO-GUN KID BEATS A HASTY RETREAT...AND LATER...

PHEW! THAT GAL! PHEW! RECKON I'M GOING TO FIND ME A COUPLE OF RUSTLERS AND SOME DESPERADOES TO TANGLE WITH! THEY'RE LOTS EASIER TO HANDLE!

AND BY NOW, I RECKON THE RIDER'S ACROSS THE BORDER! I DON'T THINK HE'LL TROUBLE FOLKS AROUND THESE PARTS ANY MORE!

TWO-GUN, I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU!

BUT I DO!

THE END

THE GUARDIAN

"WE'RE over the spot now," Chuck said. In the bow of the launch Spade Taylor put all his chunky weight behind the three hundred pound mud hook and heaved it over the side. It splashed once, then reached for the bottom, dragging out the line after it.

As soon as he'd snubbed the line around a capstan, Spade hurried back to Chuck. The fellow's lean frame, scorched a deep brown by the sun, was doubled over the rail, his finger pointing excitedly toward the bottom. "There she is, Spade, right where old Duffy said she'd be! Twenty-two feet down in water clear as a crystal ball, and her ribs sticking up like scrub pines on the desert!"

Spade's face took on a peculiar grimace as he looked over the side. Yes, there lay the wreck of the Schooner Bellbottom—a private treasure chest that only three people knew about. No, just two. Old Duffy was dead. He'd seen to that before they left port. Duffy was dead and his body a hundred feet down in the bay.

But that was four months ago. He remembered the stories Duffy used to tell, while he was still among the living, about the Bellbottom and the fortune in gold she carried, and how only he knew where the wreck lay. Duffy alone had this very spot marked in his mind, this little bleached coral island in the middle of the vastness of the South Pacific.

Duffy used to talk about how he was going out to collect that fortune some day, but Duffy never got around to doing anything. Of course, they all had listened to the story and tapped their heads knowingly when Duffy finished. He was crazy, they thought. But Spade didn't think so, not after he stayed in Duffy's shack one night and saw the logbook of the Bellbottom. Duffy had found that book in the wreckage, but he had no equipment to go after the gold.

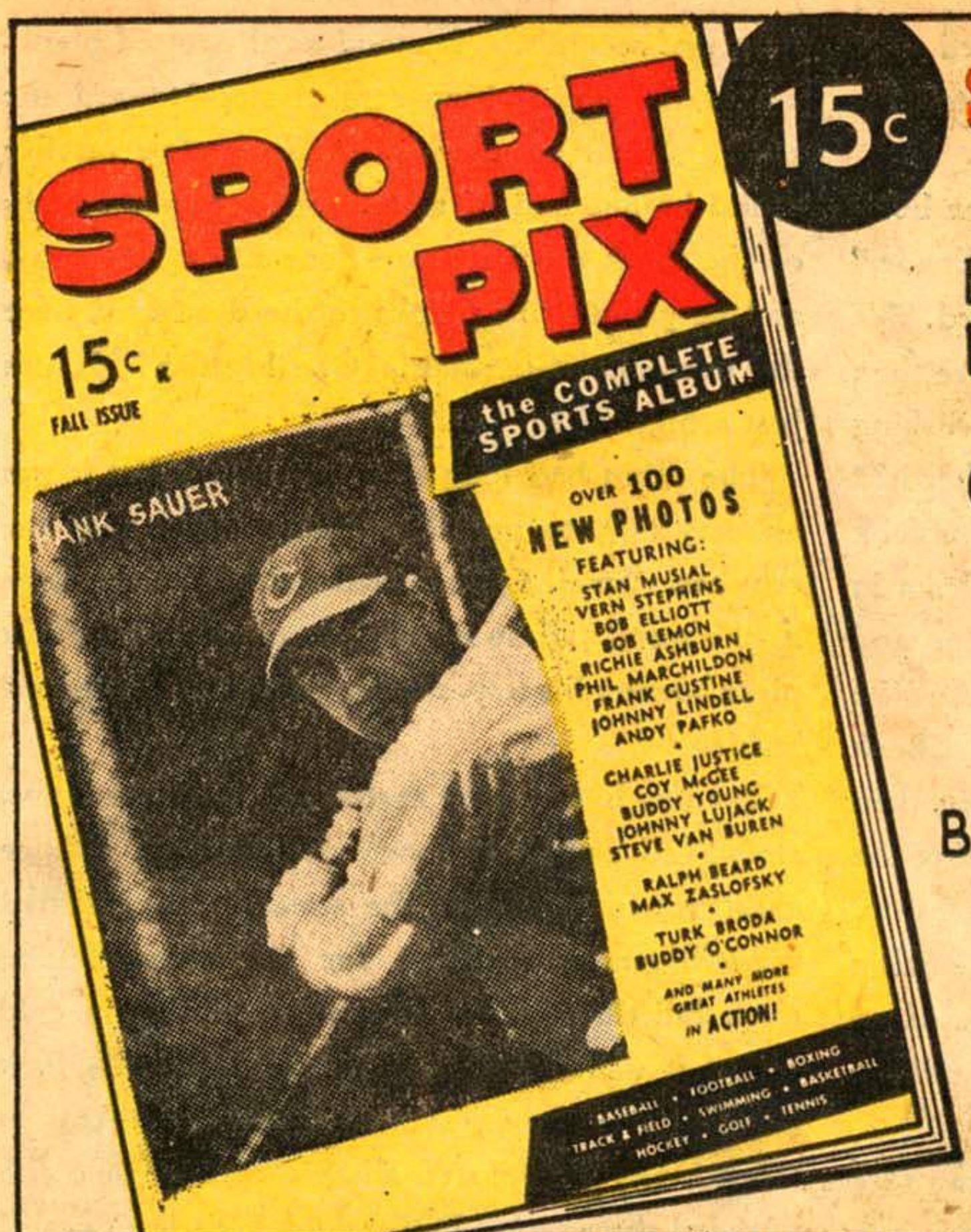
Poor Dufly! He talked too loud and too often. He should have known Spade had a trick up his sleeve when he found someone to finance the voyage. Chuck Taylor had been an easy target. He went for the story of the Bellbottom like a cat after milk, and put up the cash immediately. As far as Chuck knew, Duffy was back in port suffering from his rheumatism.

Spade's face tightened. His eyes swept the sea looking for something without description, and he muttered to himself. What was it Duffy had said? It was when Spade had his hands on his throat, choking the location of the wreck out of him, forcing him to reveal a secret that he had kept hidden for forty years. Oh, yes—"Go get it! Kill me and go get it, you murderer, but you'll find that treasure well guarded! And you'll find out why I never went after it myself!"

Those were the last words Duffy had ever spoken. A minute later he was dead. Now Spade was looking for that guardian. It wasn't a hopeless scare the old fool had tried to throw at him; no, it was real, all right, whatever it was.

Chuck kept yelling and pointing out the size and shape of the sunken vessel, saying over and over that it was exactly as Duffy had described. He didn't see the guardian, but Spade did. A huge triangular black fin split the surface and passed under the launch.

So that was the guardian—sharks! No, just one shark. Spade recognized the breed instantly. It was one that chose its own favorite feeding ground and stuck to it, relinquishing it only to



15c **SPORT PIX**

BASEBALL * FOOTBALL
HOCKEY * BASKETBALL
BOXING * TENNIS
GOLF * WRESTLING
SWIMMING

OVER 100
NEW PHOTOS
PLUS
BIG FEATURE ARTICLES

ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW!

Hi, Fellas! Here it is!

THE NEW OFFICIAL
Roy Rogers Shirt

No. 555 — "Trigger and Roy Rogers." Authentic design with names embroidered on pockets. A wonderful, long-wearing material.

Western as the plains . . . it's the authentic "Roy Rogers" shirt for Boys and Girls from 4 to 18! Millions of Roy's "fans" all over the world are wearing them . . . millions more are wanting them . . . and here they are! Roy wears 'em in the movies . . . on radio shows . . . at the Rodeos! Boy — they're the best-looking shirts you've ever seen! So — get your order in right away!

BE ONE OF THE FIRST TO WEAR ONE!

Send for Catalog

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

PLEASE PRINT

HOLLYWOOD WESTERN SHIRT CO., INC.
Room 703, Loew's State Bldg., Los Angeles 14, Calif.

Please send me _____ NO. 555 Roy Rogers Shirts,
Price: $5.00 (In Calif. add 3% State Sales Tax.)
Size ____ (Boys' and girls' sizes only 4 to 18)
Color choice (Give three) _____ _____ _____

I enclose: $_____
☐ Cash ☐ Money Order ☐ Check ☐ C.O.D.
$1.00 MUST ACCOMPANY ALL C. O. D. ORDERS.
GOOD ONLY IN CONTINENTAL UNITED STATES.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ Zone___ State_____

another more powerful shark. Now that he knew, Spade became cheerful in a way. He peered over the side, but his eyes were completely alerted for another sign of the fin.

Once again he saw it, coming closer to the boat, curious, but so deadly. "It'll be a snap, Spade," Chuck said. "The entire hull is uncovered. We can get through the cabin with nothing more than a crowbar, and in this water it will be like working on the beach. When are we going down after it?"

He saw the look on Spade's face too late, a look of diabolical cunning, the bright killer's gleam in his eyes. Spade put one arm under him and said, "You can go down now, Chuck!" And he heaved Chuck's body with all his strength. Chuck yelled once in amazement as he hit the water, then in sheer terror as he saw the dark fin splitting the water.

He couldn't hear the insane laughter coming from Spade's gloating lips. The killer leaned on the rail and shouted, "It's all mine now! A million in gold—and it's all mine!"

But there was no time to lose. Spade ran to a locker and came up with a 30.30, levering a cartridge into the chamber. He waited until the shark came up, looking for another victim, and took a bead on a spot back of the vicious head. The blast of the gun echoed across the water, and the shark dove madly, leaving a stream of red behind him. Twice the wounded fish beat the surface with its tail, and each time it shuddered under the impact of a bullet. Finally the giant body rose to the surface, turned over, and sank to the bottom.

Now he was ready—the guardian was gone. Spade dragged his gear up on deck, gear that Chuck hadn't known he'd bought. Ordinary diving gear had to be operated by two men, but this new suit was fully automatic, designed to be worked by one man. He readied the stage, making sure the ropes attached to the boom were secure, then swung it over the side. A hand crank started the engine, and he checked his air. Everything was okay.

Quickly, he climbed into the suit and stepped onto the stage, then lowered himself into the water. It was a short trip down to the wreck—a matter of seconds. He stood on the rotted planking of the bow, taking careful steps toward the cabin. What an easy job! From now on life would be one bed of roses. Spade saw the body of the shark on the ocean floor a few feet away, and he grinned his thanks to the dead Duffy for the warning. Guardian! One big fish! It was just a big laugh!

The cabin had long since crumbled, but it was an easy task to pry the timbers apart with the crowbar. Small fish scurried out of the openings as the wood fell away. Spade tugged at the last piece barring his way, then it gave, and he stepped inside.

Even *he* had to gasp at the sight! There it was, strewn all over the floor, spilling from a huge chest rotted apart by the water. He gibbered unintelligently, reaching for the coins, letting them fall through his fingers. A million in gold—and it was all his! Good old Duffy! Oh, it had been so easy, so incredibly easy! And to think Duffy had passed all this up because a fish guarded the wreck. Duffy *must* have been crazy!

But he had to hurry to topside and get the metal case down, a good stout copper chest that would hold the gold, every shiny piece of it. He dropped the crowbar and turned to leave. But the blood froze in his veins. There was no opening any longer—only a huge black blob of a body barring his way with a pair of saucer-like eyes staring at him from the middle of a squirming mass of tentacles.

The huge thing weaved from side to side with the motion of the water, resting itself on those long sucker-bearing arms, tentacles that could crush a man to death! Slowly one snaked out and wound around his chest. Only then did Spade realize somthing. The guardian—it wasn't the shark that had patrolled the bay up above. It was this—this monster—this giant, overgrown beast of destruction—an octopus! Even as the breath was being squeezed from his body, Spade heard the laugh—Duffy's laugh ringing in his ears!

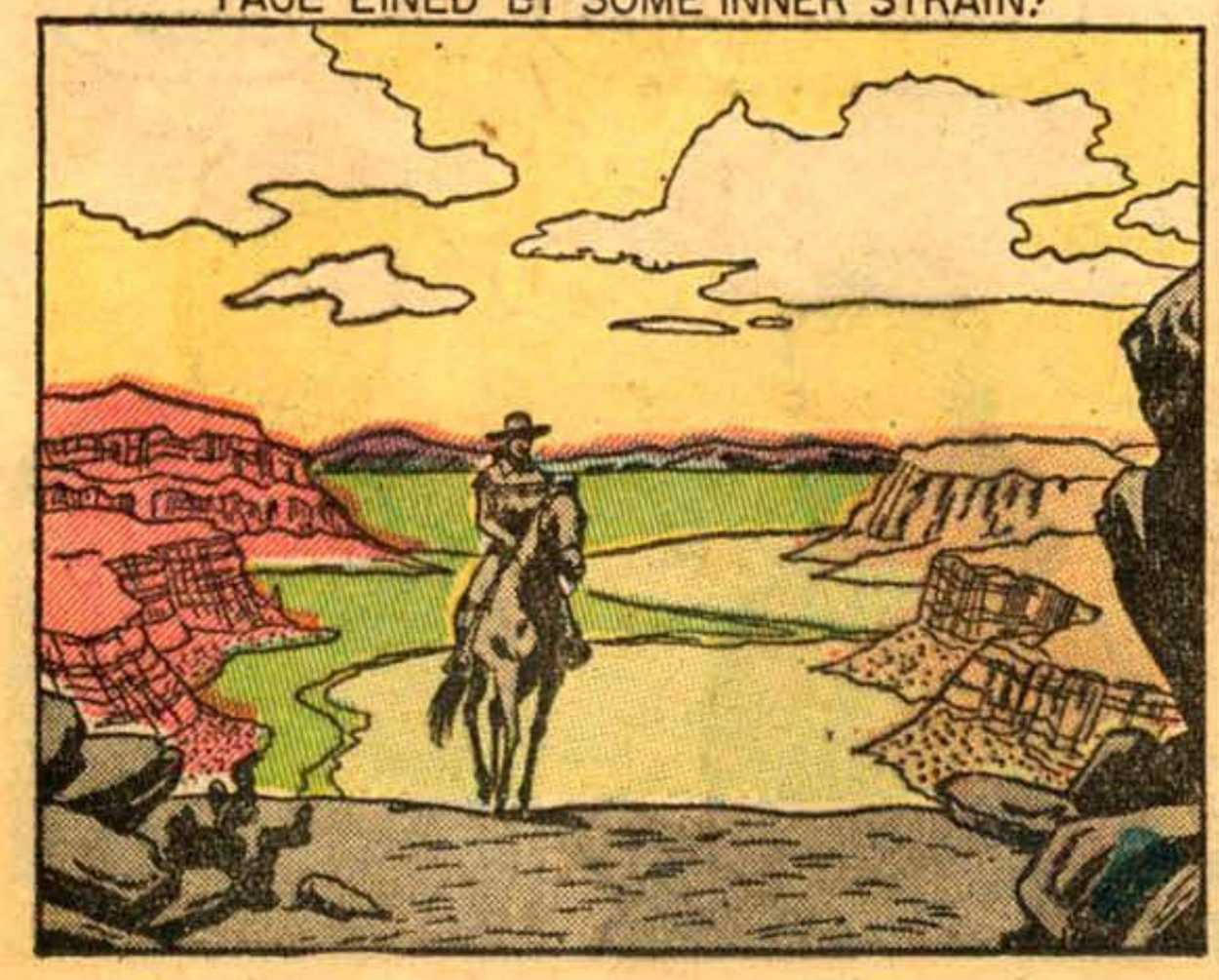
THE END

THE TWO-GUN KID

OUT OF THE SHADOWS OF THUNDER PASS COMES A GRIM KILLER TO CHALLENGE THE MIGHT OF THE *TWO-GUN KID!* FACE TO FACE, BRUTE FORCE AGAINST BRAINS AND STRENGTH, TWO MEN STAND, READY FOR MORTAL COMBAT! USING GUN AND FIST THE KID SEARCHES FOR THE ANSWERS IN THE AGE-OLD WAY OF MEN OF FLAMING ACTION AS—

"GUNS BLAST IN THUNDER PASS!"

A LONE FIGURE, SMALL IN THE WESTERN PRAIRIE VASTNESS, TOPS A RISE AND CANTERS LEISURELY FORWARD! AS THE FIGURE GROWS LARGER IN OUR VISION WE SEE A LOVELY YOUNG GIRL, HER SWEET FACE LINED BY SOME INNER STRAIN!



THE DELAYED SOUND OF A SHOT RINGS OUT A SECOND AFTER THE SICKENING SOUND OF HOT LEAD STRIKING LIVING FLESH!

BANG!

AS THE DOOMED MARE CRUMBLES TO THE GROUND, THE GIRL IS THROWN CLEAR! BUT A FEW FEET AWAY, DEATH IS POISED TO STRIKE!

OH, WHAT WILL I *DO?* IF I MOVE, THE RATTLER WILL *STRIKE!* IF I *DON'T* MOVE, THE BUSHWHACKER WHO TRIED A MOMENT AGO WILL TRY *AGAIN*--AND THIS TIME I'M A CLEAR *TARGET!*

SUDDENLY ANOTHER SHOT RINGS OUT, CLOSER THAN THE FIRST AND FROM A DIFFERENT DIRECTION!

ZINGG-GGG!

YOU CAN GET UP NOW, MISS! THE *RATTLER'S* DEAD AN' THE *HUMAN* SNAKE THAT FIRED THAT OTHER SHOT IS MAKIN' TRACKS!

THE GIRL SWINGS AROUND! TO HER ATTENTIVE EARS COMES THE RAPIDLY DIMINISHING SOUND OF HOOFBEATS VANISHING INTO THE DISTANCE!

YES, HE'S *GONE!* HE-HE TRIED TO *KILL* ME!

YOU SAVED MY LIFE! THAT WAS THE *SECOND* TIME THIS WEEK AN ATTEMPT HAS BEEN MADE TO KILL ME... OH--I'M MOLLY PRENTICE, MISTER!

I'M KNOWN AS THE TWO-GUN KID! *LISTEN! SOMEONE'S COMIN'!*

DON'T MOVE, MISTER! I'VE GOT YA COVERED! I HEARD SHOTS, MOLLY! WHAT DID THIS SADDLE TRAMP DO TO YA?

WAIT, BRAD! THIS MAN JUST SAVED MY LIFE! MISTER KID, THIS IS MY GUARDIAN, BRAD BANCROFT!

RICH YOUNG WOMEN SHOULDN'T BE RIDIN' OUT HERE ALONE-- ESPECIALLY AFTER WHAT'S HAPPENED LATELY!

BUT BRAD! I CAN'T KEEP HOLED UP IN THAT HOTEL ROOM ALL THE TIME! I FEEL LIKE A TRAPPED ANIMAL!

GET UP BEHIND ME, YOU LITTLE FOOL! YOU'RE GOIN' BACK TO THE HOTEL AN' STAY THERE TILL YORE BIRTHDAY NEXT WEEK!

I DON'T LIKE YOUR WAY OF TALKIN', HOMBRE! THAT'S NO WAY TO SPEAK TO A LADY!

WHAT YOU LIKE MEANS NOTHIN' TO ME, MISTER! GET OUT OF MY WAY!

THE BACK-HAND BLOW, TAKING THE KID BY SURPRISE, TOPPLES HIM TO THE SAGE! BOILING WITH ANGER, HE WATCHES BANCROFT AND MOLLY PRENTICE RIDE AWAY!

WHY, THE SNEAKIN' POLECAT!

CYCLONE, I WASN'T INTENDIN' TO HEAD FOR TOWN, BUT NOW I GOT A LITTLE CHORE TO DO! BESIDES, WHAT THAT LITTLE LADY SAID SORT OF INTRIGUES ME! LET'S GET GOIN', BOY!

AS THE TWO-GUN KID APPROACHES THE TOWN OF THUNDER PASS, HE COMES UPON A SIGNPOST!

HM-M-M, THAT BANCROFT JASPER CALLED HER A *RICH* GIRL! MUST BE HER MINE, AN' THE OTHER ONE MUST BE *HIS!*

PRENTICE MINE

BANCROFT MINE

RIDING INTO THE LITTLE CITY, THE KID FINDS A SCENE OF COLOR AND MOVEMENT SUCH AS CAN ONLY BE FOUND IN A WESTERN FRONTIER TOWN UPON A SPECIAL OCCASION!

WAL, CYCLONE, LOOKS LIKE WE'RE WALKING INTO SOME KIND OF *CELEBRATION!* GUESS, I'LL ASK SOMEONE!

THUNDER PASS CELEBRATION "FOUNDER'S DAY!"

WELLS FARGO

RESTAURANT
GEORGE HART PROP.

HARVEY HOUSE

WHAT'S GOIN' ON, FRIEND?

I'M DAN MATHEWS, EDITOR OF THE THUNDER PASS CLARION! TEN YEARS AGO TODAY THE PRENTICE MINE WAS FOUND BY OLD CY PRENTICE AND THE TOWN OF THUNDER PASS WAS BORN!

BRAD BANCROFT, THE LAWYER, GRUBSTAKED OLD PRENTICE AND WHEN PRENTICE FOUND THE MINE, HE ALSO STAKED FOR BANCROFT! THE BANCROFT MINE PETERED OUT BUT PRENTICE BECAME A MILLIONAIRE! TWO YEARS AGO, OLD CY WAS *MYSTERIOUSLY* SHOT AND KILLED, LEAVING A WILL NAMING BANCROFT AS HIS DAUGHTER'S GUARDIAN!

MOLLY WILL INHERIT THE MINE IF SHE'S MARRIED BY HER *TWENTY-FIRST* BIRTHDAY NEXT WEEK! LOOK, 'BANCROFT'S GOIN' TO SPEAK! I'LL SEE YOU LATER!

ADIOS, AND THANKS FOR THE INFORMATION!

...SO HAVE A GOOD TIME, FOLKS--EVERYTHING IS ON THE HOUSE! AS USUAL, TO PROVIDE ENTERTAINMENT FOR YOU FOLKS, I'M OFFERIN' TO TAKE ON *ANY* MAN, WITH BARE FISTS, TO FIGHT UNTIL ONE OF US CAIN'T FIGHT ANY MORE! *ANY TAKERS? HA! HA!*

WAL, HE SHORE IS AN *OBLIGIN'* GENT!

I'LL TAKE YA UP ON THAT *CHALLENGE*, MISTER!

WELL, IF IT ISN'T THE *SADDLE TRAMP!* IT'LL BE A *PLEASURE* TO *WHIP YOU*, HOMBRE!

YOU'RE GONNA BE A SAD PILGRIM IN JUST ABOUT *FIVE MINUTES!*

I SURE WILL BE IF I CAN'T PAY YOU BACK A LITTLE FOR THAT BACK-HANDED SWIPE YOU GAVE ME A WHILE AGO!

THE TWO MEN GRIMLY CIRCLE EACH OTHER! BANCROFT, HUGE, MUSCULAR, STRONG AS A HORSE-- THE TWO-GUN KID, LITHE AND SWIFT AS A CAT!

A FEINT, A LEFT HOOK AND THEN THE TWO MEN PLUNGE FORWARD; LASHING OUT, SMASHING LIKE TWO MADDENED BULLS!

THE CROWD IS SILENT AS THE TITANIC STRUGGLE CONTINUES! NOTHING CAN BE HEARD BUT THE THUD OF ROCK-LIKE FISTS ON RESISTING FLESH! SLOWLY BANCROFT RETREATS BEFORE THE KID'S SAVAGE ATTACK!

THEN A SUDDEN LEFT FOLLOWED BY A TERRIFIC RIGHT HAND SMASH, AND BANCROFT IS GOING DOWN--HIS EYES GLASSY!

EXCITED EYES WATCH THE OUTCOME OF THE FIGHT FROM AN UPSTAIRS WINDOW OF THE HOTEL!

HE'S *BEATEN BRAD!* HE'S *KNOCKED* HIM *OUT!*

WHAT A *STORY!* WAIT'LL YOU SEE THE HEADLINES IN THE THUNDER PASS CLARION! I'M GOING TO PUT OUT AN *EXTRA!*

WAIT, DAN! I'VE JUST HAD AN *IDEA!* I'LL GIVE YOU SOME *REAL* HEADLINES!

MEANWHILE, THE TWO-GUN KID, IN A SMALLER ROOM IN THE SAME HOTEL, WASHES AWAY THE GRIME OF BATTLE!

WAL, THAT'S *ONE* LITTLE CHORE TAKEN CARE OF!

GREAT FIGHT, KID!

C'MON, CHAMP! THE DRINKS'RE ON ME!

THANKS, PARTNERS, BUT I GUESS I'LL HIT THE GRUB FIRST! THAT LITTLE SCRAP PUT AN EDGE ON MY APPETITE!

THE KID BEGINS HIS DINNER IN THE HOTEL DINING ROOM, WHEN...

I'VE BEEN *LOOKIN'* FOR YOU, MISTER!

I'M NOT HARD TO FIND, BANCROFT!

CONGRATULATIONS, SON! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU TWO HAD MET BEFORE TODAY, 'TILL I SAW THE *ANNOUNCEMENT* IN THE *PAPER!* WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME?

WAL, I DIDN'T -- THAT IS-- *LEMME SEE THAT PAPER!*

EXTRA - THUNDER PASS CLARION - TEN CE

NO 860 ... THUNDER PASS, ARIZONA - TUESDAY, MAY 2[illegible], 19[illegible]

MOLLY PRENTICE ANNOUNCES ENGAGEMENT TO TWO-GUN

MISS PRENTICE, WHO WILL INHERIT THE PRENTICE MILLIONS LEFT BY HER FATHER IF SHE MARRIES NEXT WEEK BEFORE HER TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY, HAS ANNOUNCED HER ENGAGEMENT TO THE TWO-GUN CONQUERER OF BRAD BANCROFT, THIS AFTERNOON

MY WARD HAS CERTAINLY PICKED A ***REAL*** MAN THIS TIME! LISTEN, WE'LL HAVE A LITTLE ENGAGEMENT PARTY ***TONIGHT*** --JUST THE FAMILY, Y'KNOW--IN MOLLY'S ROOMS!

THANKS, BANCROFT., I'LL BE THERE! RIGHT NOW I THINK I'LL MOSEY UPSTAIRS AN' SEE MY, ER--FIANCÉE!

SOMETHIN' SMELLS AWFUL ***BAD*** ABOUT THIS ***WHOLE SET-UP,*** AN' AS LONG AS I'VE BEEN DEALT IN, I AIM TO FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

17

MOLLY, YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE KEPT OUR ENGAGEMENT FROM ***ME!*** WHY, I HAVEN'T EVEN BOUGHT THE RING YET!

PLEASE COME IN AND LET ME EXPLAIN!

Y'KNOW, I THINK THIS ENGAGEMENT MIGHT BE A ***GOOD IDEA!***

I DID THAT BECAUSE I THINK YOU'RE THE ***ONLY*** MAN THAT CAN KEEP ME ALIVE UNTIL MY TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY WHEN I INHERIT THE MINE! YOU ***WILL*** MARRY ME, WON'T YOU?

WHY, MOLLY, THIS IS SO ***SUDDEN!*** TELL ME, WHO GETS THE INHERITANCE IF YOU DIE OR DON'T MARRY BEFORE YOUR BIRTHDAY?

BRAD BANCROFT WILL! HE GRUBSTAKED FATHER, AND DAD PROVIDED FOR JUST SUCH A CONTINGENCY AS MY DEATH IN HIS WILL!

THE KID WHIRLS, HIS HANDS STABBING TOWARD HIS HOLSTERED GUNS, AS HIS ACUTE SENSES WARN HIM OF THE APPROACH OF SOMEONE FROM AN INNER ROOM!

WHO'S THAT?

DON'T SHOOT! IT'S MY STEP-BROTHER, STEPHEN!

SO YOU'RE MY INTENDED STEP-BROTHER-IN-LAW! I MUST SAY YOU'RE A BRAVE MAN!

STEPHEN WORKS FOR BRAD BANCROFT!

SPEAKING OF BANCROFT, I THINK I'LL PAY HIM A VISIT!

AS YOUR INTENDED HUSBAND, I'D LIKE TO SEE THE BOOKS AN' RECORDS OF YOUR INHERITANCE!

I'LL GO WITH YOU! I HAVE SOME WORK TO DO AT THE OFFICE! SEE YOU LATER, MOLLY! BE CAREFUL!

WHAT WAS IN BACK OF THAT "BRAVE MAN" REMARK YOU MADE AT THE HOTEL?

YOU'RE THE THIRD MAN IN A YEAR THAT MOLLY HAS BEEN ENGAGED TO! THE OTHERS WERE MURDERED! SHE SEEMS TO BE ATTRACTED TO DAN MATHEWS, BUT IT DOESN'T SEEM HEALTHY TO BE ENGAGED TO MY DEAR SISTER!

HOTEL

B. BANCROFT
COUNSELLOR AT LAW

INSIDE BANCROFT'S OFFICE, THE TWO-GUN KID MAKES HIS DEMAND!

I'D LIKE TO SEE THE PRENTICE ACCOUNT BOOKS, BANCROFT! JUST TO SEE HOW YOU'VE INVESTED MY FUTURE WIFE'S MONEY!

ARE YOU ACCUSING ME OF STEALING? WHY, YOU--NO ONE ORDERS ME AROUND! I'LL SHOW YOU--YOU...

WITH THE SPEED OF A STRIKING COUGAR, THE KID DRAWS AND SHOOTS!

ALL RIGHT, YOU HOLD THE ACES! STEPHEN, BRING IN THE PRENTICE ACCOUNT BOOKS!

WAL, BANCROFT, NOW YOU'RE BEIN' SENSIBLE!

WHEN THE BOOKS ARE BROUGHT IN, THE TWO-GUN KID BEGINS A THOROUGH EXAMINATION OF THEIR CONTENTS...

WAL, BANCROFT, THIS ALL LOOKS OKAY! RECKON MEBBE I OWE YOU AN APOLOGY!

NO, I OWE *YOU* AN APOLOGY FER FLYIN' OFF THE HANDLE! BUT YA MUST ADMIT, THOSE WERE *ROUGH WORDS*, PARTNER! WAL, WE'LL LET BYGONES BE BYGONES! SEE YA AT THE PARTY LATER!

YEAH, BANCROFT, SEE YA LATER!

BACK TO THE HOTEL, BACK TO MOLLY PRENTICE GOES THE KID, MORE PUZZLED NOW THAN EVER!

WHY DID YOU WANT TO SEE BRAD IN SUCH A *HURRY*, TWO-GUN?

I THOUGHT MEBBE I COULD FIND SOME *ANSWERS* TO SOME *QUESTIONS!*

DID YOU?

WAL, I-- *LOOKOUT, MOLLY! SOMEONE'S PUSHIN' IN THAT DOOR!*

A SECOND BEFORE THE BLACK BLAST OF GUNFIRE RIPS OUT, THE KID REACTS TO THE MENACE WITH LIGHTING SPEED!

OHHH! IT JUST MISSED ME!

BAM!

IF I CAN JUST LINE A SIGHT ON THAT DIRTY COYOTE--

OOF! WH-WHAT'S *HAPPENED?*

MEBBE I SHOULD ASK *YOU* THAT, MATHEWS! HOW D'*YOU* KNOW *ANYTHING* HAPPENED?

WHY I--I WAS PASSING--HEARD THE SHOT, AND--AND THOUGHT IT CAME FROM UP HERE!

NOTHING HAPPENED, MATHEWS! AND YOU CAN GO BACK TO YOUR PAPER NOW!

RECKON I'D LIKE ANOTHER LOOK AT BANCROFT'S *OFFICE!* IT'S JUST POSSIBLE THAT THE JASPER HAS *TWO* SETS OF BOOKS COVERIN' THE PRENTICE ESTATE!

WELL HIDDEN, THE KID · WATCHES BANCROFT'S OFFICE AS THE PURPLE SHADOWS GATHER AND DARKNESS DECENDS ON THUNDER PASS!

HE'S *LEAVING* NOW! EXIT BANCROFT--ENTER THE TWO-GUN KID!

QUIETLY, THE KID ENTERS THROUGH A SIDE WINDOW!

I'LL HAVE TO GIVE THIS PLACE A *FAST* GOING-OVER!

TWENTY MINUTES LATER, TWO-GUN FINDS WHAT HE'S BEEN SEARCHING FOR!

THIS IS IT--ANOTHER SET OF PRENTICE ACCOUNT BOOKS!

THESE BOOKS SHOW THAT BANCROFT HAS BEEN BLEEDING THE ESTATE FOR *YEARS*-- *THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS GONE!*

INTENT UPON HIS DISCOVERY, THE KID'S WOLF-LIKE SENSES FAIL TO AROUSE HIM IN TIME TO AVOID...

CRACK!

OOFFFF!

SLOWLY THE PAINFUL, THROBBING, STAR-SHOT WHIRLPOOL RETREATS, AND THE KID COMES BACK TO THE PRESENT!

C'MON, KID, SNAP OUT OF IT!

I--I'M ALL RIGHT NOW! ***MATHEWS!*** WHAT'RE ***YOU*** DOIN' HERE?

I JUST HAPPENED TO BE PASSING AND STOPPED TO SEE IF BANCROFT WAS STILL HERE, AND I FOUND YOU LYING ON THE FLOOR!

YOU "JUST HAPPEN TO BE PASSING" WHEN AN AWFUL LOT OF THINGS HAPPEN, MATHEWS!

THE ***BOOKS*** -- THEY'RE ***GONE!*** MATHEWS, DID YOU SEE SOME ACCOUNT BOOKS LYIN' ON THE FLOOR?

WHY, ***NO***, I ***DIDN'T!***

I'M GOIN' BACK TO MY ROOM AN' TAKE A REST! BANCROFT IS GIVIN' MOLLY AN' ME AN ENGAGEMENT PARTY TONIGHT, MATHEWS! I'D LIKE FOR ***YOU*** TO BE THERE!

THANKS, I'D BE ***DELIGHTED!***

B. BANCR

IN HIS ROOM, THE KID TRIES TO REST! BUT INSIDE HIS ACHING HEAD, THOUGHTS KEEP WHIRLING AROUND LIKE STEERS IN A CATTLE PEN!

BANCROFT LOOKS LIKE THE LOGICAL SUSPECT! THE WHOLE SET-UP -- THOSE ACCOUNT BOOKS AND ALL -- SEEMS TO POINT THAT WAY! BUT WHERE DOES MATHEWS FIT IN? THEN THERE'S MOLLY AN' STEPHEN...

SLOWLY, THE PIECES OF THE PUZZLE BEGIN TO FIT UNTIL THE KID HAS A FINISHED PICTURE -- THE PICTURE OF A BLACK-HEARTED KILLER!

THAT'S IT!

I RECKON IT'S TIME TO SASHAY OVER TO MY ENGAGEMENT PARTY! IT'S SURE GONNA TURN OUT TO BE A ***SURPRISE*** PARTY FOR A ***CERTAIN*** ***BUSHWHACKIN' COYOTE!***

THE KID ENTERS MOLLY'S ROOM AND FACES THE OCCUPANTS-MOLLY, STEPHEN, BANCROFT AND MATHEWS!

WAL, FOLKS, SEEIN' AS YA SET ME UP AS A CLAY PIGEON, I DID SOME *INVESTIGATIN'* AND ROUNDED UP SOME *ANSWERS!* I THINK I KNOW *WHO'S* BEEN DOIN' THE MURDERIN' AN' ATTEMPTED MURDERIN'!

YOU, BANCROFT--I BROKE INTO YOUR OFFICE TONIGHT AND FOUND ANOTHER SET OF BOOKS THAT SHOWED THAT YOU'VE BEEN *EMBEZZLING* MONEY FROM THE PRENTICE ACCOUNT!

FALSE BOOKS! SO THAT'S THE *ANSWER!* NOW I *KNOW*--ARR-G!

YOU DOG, BANCROFT! IT WAS *YOU* ALL THE TIME! *TAKE WHAT'S COMIN' TO YOU!*

BANG!

BEFORE STEPHEN CAN PUMP ANOTHER LEADEN SLUG INTO BANCROFT'S BODY, THE TWO-GUN KID STRIKES!

BAM! BAM! BAM!

HIS LIFE EBBING AWAY, STEPHEN SPEAKS...

YOU WERE TOO SMART FOR ME, KID! I *FAKED* THE CROOKED BOOKS! IF I COULD KEEP MOLLY FROM *MARRYING*--KILL HER BEFORE SHE CAME OF AGE AND FIX THE BLAME ON BANCROFT, HE'D BE *HANGED* AND I--I'D BE NEXT TO INHER-INHERIT-- AA-H-H-H-H-H!

HE'S *FINISHED!*

NOW I SEE WHERE MATHEWS FITS!

DAN AN' I LOVE EACH OTHER, BUT I WAS AFRAID TO HAVE IT KNOWN AFTER WHAT HAD HAPPENED! I'M-- I'M SORRY, KID-REALLY!

HE GOT ME IN THE SHOULDER!

THE SILVERY MOON PEERS DOWN FROM THE TEXAN NIGHT SKY-- SILHOUETTING THE GREAT BLACK STALLION AND HIS JAUNTY RIDER, AS THEY LEAVE THUNDER PASS BEHIND!

ALWAYS A BRIDEGROOM, *NEVER* A BRIDE--THAT'S ME, CYCLONE! WAL, RECKON YOU AN' ME MAKE A GOOD ENOUGH BRIDAL-AND-SADDLE TEAM!

THE END

RED UNIT

Annie Oakley
Blackstone the Magician
Blonde Phantom
Complete Mystery Stories
Crimefighters Always Win
Georgie
Ideal Comics
Joker Comics
Justice
Lawbreakers Always Lose
Margie
Marvel Mystery Comics
Millie the Model
Namora
Nellie the Nurse
Patsy Walker
Sub-Mariner
Sun Girl
Teen Comics
Tessie the Typist
Tex Morgan
Two-Gun Kid
Wild Western
Willie

BLUE-YELLOW UNIT

All-True Crime Cases
All Winners
Blaze Carson
Captain America
Cindy
Comedy Comics
Frankie
Gay Comics
Hedy de Vine
Human Torch
Jeanie
Junior Miss
Kid Colt
Krazy Komics
Lana
Mitzi
My Romance
Oscar
Powerhouse Pepper
Rusty
Super Rabbit
Tex Taylor
The Witness
Venus
Wacky Duck

MARVEL COMIC GROUP

Hi, Friends:

The editors of this magazine would like to ask you an important question — Why are you reading this magazine?

We believe the answer is that you enjoy comics, and that you enjoy reading this particular comic.

We want to help you protect your right to buy and read your favorite magazines, as long as they contain nothing that might be harmful to you. That is why we are writing you this open letter.

Lately, lots of people have been criticizing comics. They have been saying that comics teach you youngsters things that are not good for you, things like violence, cruelty, immorality, etc.

Some time back, we were fortunate in obtaining editorial advice from Dr. Jean Thompson, a psychiatrist in the Child Guidance Bureau of the New York City Board of Education. Dr. Thompson read our magazines, approved our stories generally, gave us suggestions for the finest kind of stories, and agreed to serve as editorial consultant on all future magazines. She will insure the fact that our comics contain nothing that might meet with objections from your parents, teachers or friends.

That is <u>our</u> answer to the charge that comics are bad.

Now, this is the way we can help <u>you</u> keep the privilege of buying and reading what you want. The magazines listed on this page are all in the Marvel Comic Group. Look through them, and you will see that there is nothing in these magazines that could possibly be considered harmful. Then show them to the critics of comics. Prove to those people that here is reading matter that no one can criticize.

Use judgment. Buy only the best comics, like the magazines listed on this page, or any of the other <u>good</u> ones, and prove to people that the magazines <u>you</u> read are above criticism.

If you do that, no one will ever want to take your magazines away from you.

The Editors
Marvel Comic Group

ARIZONA ANNIE

IT'S ELECTION DAY, AND A HOLIDAY SPIRIT PREVAILS—WITH EVERYONE EXCEPT ARIZONA ANNIE! SHE'S SIZZLING MAD!

I RECKON SQUARE JOHN WILL GET ELECTED MAYOR AGAIN, HUH, ANNIE? HE'S A PURTY GOOD MAN--HE GAVE ME A *REAL TEN-CENT SEEGAR* LAST ELECTION!
FINE! GIVES YOU A *CIGAR* AN' *GETS* YOUR *VOTE!* WHAT KIND OF A CITIZEN *ARE* YOU? SQUARE JOHN! *ROUND* JOHN IS MORE LIKE IT!
EAGLE
VOTE FOR SQUARE JOHN CAR

LOOK AT THAT HUNK O' LARD! IF HIS SHOES DIDN'T PINCH, HE WOULDN'T KNOW IF THEY WERE *ON!* HE'S FATTER BETWEEN THE EARS THAN AROUND HIS APPETITE, AN' THAT'S *FAT!*
THET'S NO WAY TO TALK 'BOUT OUR *DULY 'LECTED LEADERS!* S'POSE YOU THINK *YOU* COULD DO BETTER!
1869
COUNTY COURT

AND I PROMISE YOU THE SAME HONEST, INTELLIGENT, BLAH... BLAH... BLAH...

LISTEN TO THAT *WIND-BAG!*

IF THAT'S HOW YOU FEEL, ANNIE, WHY DON'T *YOU* MAKE A SPEECH?

I CAN'T GO UP THERE--THAT'S FOR *CANDIDATES!*

THAT'S ALL RIGHT--I'LL GO IN AN' ENTER YOUR NAME FOR OFFICE! GO ON IN AN' TELL 'EM HOW GOOD *YOU'D* BE IF YOU GOT IN!

SO ARIZONA ANNIE ENTERS--WATCH IT, ANNIE! IT'S A TRICKY FIELD!

HERE, MADAME! WHERE DO YOU THINK *YOU'RE* GOIN'?

STAND BACK, MAYOR--YOU'VE GOT COMPETITION! I'M TELLIN' 'EM HOW THIS TOWN *SHOULD* BE RUN!

THE ONLY TROUBLE WITH THIS TOWN IS--IT'S RUN BY *MEN!* NOW IF THE *WOMEN* ONLY HAD A HAND IN IT, WE'D DO IT RIGHT! FURTHERMORE...

KEEP IT UP, ANNIE!

TELL US HOW TO BAKE A *CAKE*, ANNIE!

YOU DOWN THERE WITH YOUR BRIGHT REMARKS--*APOLOGIZE!*

BAM!

(ULP!) I APOLOGIZE!

ZINGG!

A BULLETIN COMES IN FROM THE POLLS...

KEEP TALKIN', ANNIE! YOU'RE WAY AHEAD!

NATURALLY I'M AHEAD! LIKE I WAS SAYIN'--*IF I'M ELECTED*, I *PROMISE*, ETC...

SOON THE FINAL RETURNS ARE IN! ANNIE IS ELECTED!

ALL THE VOTES ARE COUNTED, ANNIE! *YOU WIN--UNANIMOUSLY!* YOU HAD *NO COMPETITION AT ALL!*

YOU'LL GET HONEST GOVERNMENT FROM NOW ON, FOLKS! MEET YOUR *NEW MAYOR--ARIZONA ANNIE!*

WHAT D'YA MEAN--NEW MAYOR? *I-I'M* STILL THE MAYOR OF THIS TOWN!

I THOUGHT YOU SAID *I* WON, SLIM! TALK FAST

THAT'S RIGHT! UH--I TAKE--UH-- GREAT PLEASURE IN CONFIRMIN' YOUR ELECTION TO PUBLIC OFFICE! GENTS! SALUTE THE NEW...

...*DOG-CATCHER* OF THIS HERE TOWN! I HOPE YOU'LL GIVE US THE *HONEST GUV'MENT* LIKE YOU PROM...

WHY, *YOU HOUND!* I'LL TEAR YOU LIMB FROM LIMB!

DON'T SHOOT, ANNIE! *PLEASE!*

I'M GONNA TEAR YOU *APART*, THEN PUT YOU TOGETHER *RIGHT!* WHEN I GET MY HANDS ON YOU, JOKER, I'LL...(SPUT! SPUT!)

BANG!

I *ORDER YOU* TO *STOP SHOOTIN' THIS INSTANT!* I SAID I ORDER YOU TO (GULP!) STOP!

I WAS *GONNA* GET AROUND TO *YOU*, MAYOR! YOU'RE ON MY LIST, *TOO!*

VOTE FOR SQUARE JOHN C

I HOPE YOU DIRTY DOGS ARE *COMFORTABLE* BACK THERE! THIS'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO GO BARKIN' UP *WRONG TREES!* *SPEAK, ROVER!*

MADAME, THIS IS AN INDIGNITY! I WILL NOT...

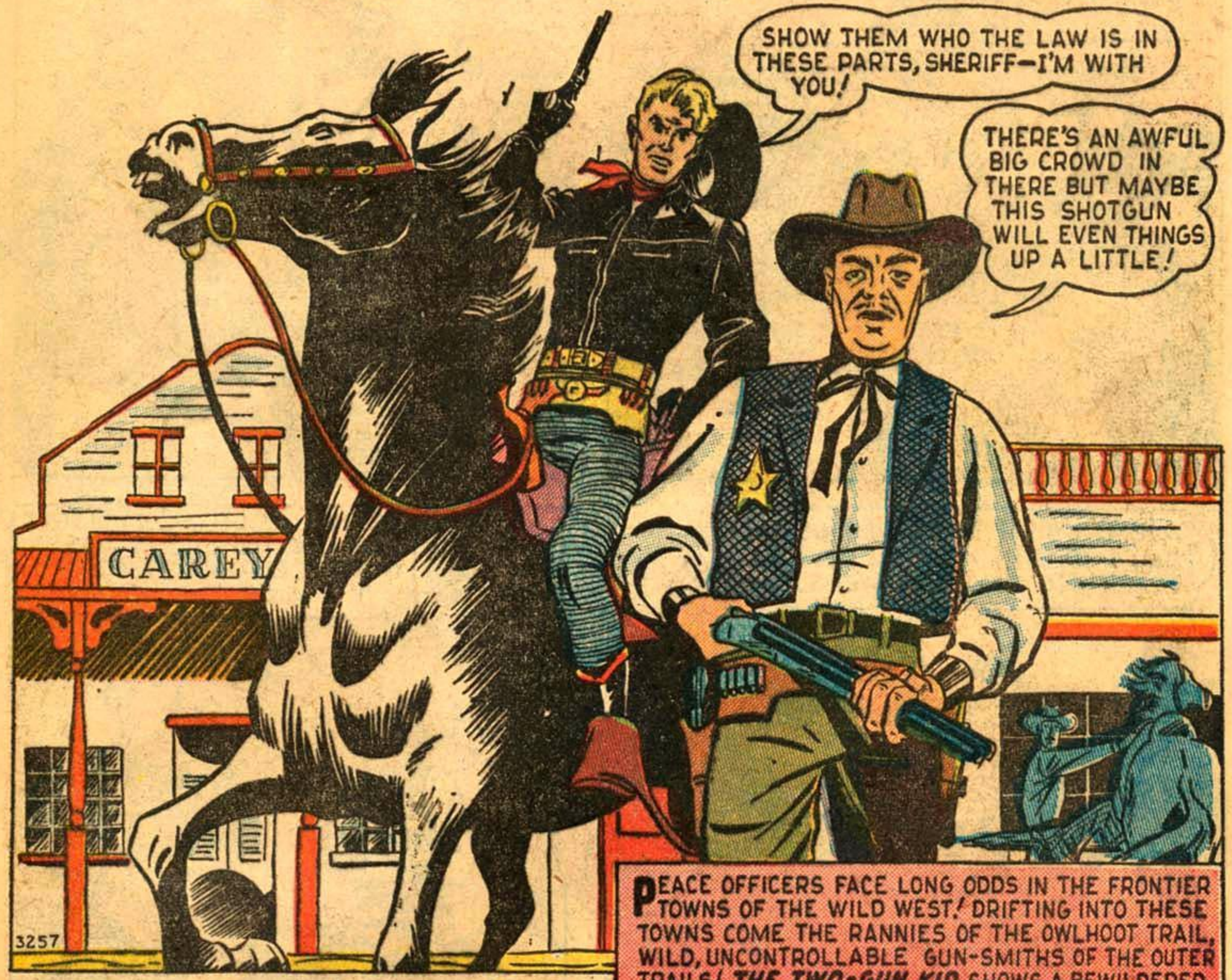
SPEAK LIKE SHE SAYS OR SHE'LL *START SHOOTIN'* AGAIN, MAYOR! HA, HA!

DOGCATCH

AND SO, A FEW MINUTES LATER...

THE END

THE TWO-GUN KID


SHOW THEM WHO THE LAW IS IN THESE PARTS, SHERIFF—I'M WITH YOU!
THERE'S AN AWFUL BIG CROWD IN THERE BUT MAYBE THIS SHOTGUN WILL EVEN THINGS UP A LITTLE!
CAREY
3257

PEACE OFFICERS FACE LONG ODDS IN THE FRONTIER TOWNS OF THE WILD WEST! DRIFTING INTO THESE TOWNS COME THE RANNIES OF THE OWLHOOT TRAIL, WILD, UNCONTROLLABLE GUN-SMITHS OF THE OUTER TRAILS! ***THE TWO-GUN KID*** SHOWS A BEWILDERED SHERIFF HOW TO FACE THE MUSIC IN—

"SHOTGUN JUSTICE!"

AS THE TWO-GUN KID JOGS INTO THE TOWN OF BLACK DOG, HE WITNESSES ONE OF THE RAREST SIGHTS IN THE WEST--THAT OF A PEACE OFFICER BEING HUMILIATED BY THE ROWDIES OF THE TOWN!

LOOKS LIKE THE LOCAL LAW IS HAVIN' A LITTLE MAVERICK TROUBLE!
DANCE, SHERIFF! DANCE, OR I'LL FILL YUH FULL OF HOLES!
BANG!
DO A JIG, SHERIFF! PICK 'EM UP AND LAY 'EM DOWN!
S-STOP! PLEASE STOP!
BANG!

THAT'LL BE ALL O' *THAT!* CUT IT OUT!

SAYS WHO, STRANGER? I RUN THIS TOWN!

WELL, YOU *DON'T* RUN *ME!* PUT THOSE GUNS AWAY BEFORE I TAKE 'EM OFF YA!

OH, YEAH? WELL, *YOU'RE* GONNA DANCE NOW! GET OFF THAT HOSS!

WHERE I COME FROM, PEOPLE TALK POLITE TO STRANGERS! I HAVE TO TEACH YOU SOME *MANNERS!*

SMACK!

WITH THE SPEED OF A PANTHER, THE TWO-GUN KID LEAPS FROM CYCLONE'S SIDE TO BRING HIS FIST CRASHING AGAINST THE BULLY'S JAW!

I WANT TO THANK YOU, SIR! THAT SAMPSON'S BEEN BULLYING ME EVER SINCE I ARRIVED HERE!

THIS HAS ME STUMPED! YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE THE TYPE OF MAN WHO GETS ELECTED SHERIFF OUT IN THIS COUNTRY! HOW COME?

THE KID TURNS HIS BACK ON THE BRUTE AND JOINING THE FRIGHTENED LOOKING LAWMAN, HEADS FOR THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...

I WASN'T ELECTED! YOU SEE MY BROTHER, STEVE TRENT, CAME WEST ABOUT FIFTEEN YEARS AGO AND BECAME SHERIFF HERE! HE SENT FOR ME! BUT WHEN I ARRIVED, HE...

...WAS *DEAD!* STEVE TRENT WAS MY *FRIEND* AND A GREAT PEACE OFFICER! HE WAS AMBUSHED AND I CAME HERE TO SEE WHO DID IT!

JAIL

I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE! YOU SEE, SAMPSON PINNED THIS STAR ON MY CHEST AS A *JOKE!* HE KNOWS I CAN'T HANDLE THE JOB BUT HE SAID HE'D KILL ME IF I TOOK IT OFF!

NOW I BEGIN TO GET IT!

MEN LIKE SAMPSON HAVEN'T ANY REAL GUTS! HE'S THE TYPE THAT WOULD KILL FROM AMBUSH! I THINK IF YOU ARRESTED SAMPSON, YOU'D BE DOING THE COMMUNITY A SERVICE *AND* AVENGING THE MURDER OF YOUR BROTHER!

YOU MEAN YOU WANT *ME* TO ARREST *SAMPSON?*

WHY NOT? I'LL ADMIT YOU PROBABLY DON'T HAVE A CHANCE WITH HIM WITH SIX-GUNS, *BUT* WITH THIS *EQUALIZER* HERE-- A SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN IS MIGHTY *HANDY* UP CLOSE!

EVEN THOUGH SAMPSON KNOWS YA DON'T KNOW A THING ABOUT SIX-GUNS, HE'LL HAVE TO THINK TWICE WHEN YOU POINT THIS CANNON AT HIM! IT DOESN'T TAKE A GUNMAN TO POINT THIS IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION AND PULL THE TRIGGER! JUST WATCH THIS!

NOW IF SAMPSON WERE AGAINST THAT WALL...

BANG!

WOW! I *COULDN'T* MISS WITH *THAT!*

THAT'S RIGHT! WITH OLD BESS AND A LITTLE GUTS, NOBODY HAS TO BE SHY OF THESE GUN-TOTIN' HOODLUMS! A SIX-GUN IS NICE, BUT IT TAKES A SHOTGUN TO MAKE 'EM SHIVER!

I'VE BEEN A FOOL! GIVE ME THAT GUN! I'M GOING OVER AND TELL SAMPSON THAT THERE'S LAW IN THIS TOWN-- *STARTING NOW!*

THAT'S THE WAY TO TALK, *SHERIFF!*

JUST TELL 'EM EASY NOW! YA DON'T HAVE TO SHOUT TO MAKE 'EM BELIEVE YOU!

DON'T WORRY! THEY'LL BELIEVE ME! AND IF THEY DON'T LISTEN TO ME, THEY'LL HEAR WHAT OLD BESS HAS TO SAY!

SAMPSON, I WARNED YUH! I'M GOIN' TO HAVE THE LAW ON YA FER THAT!

HERE'S THE LAW NOW! *HEY, SHERIFF! TELL* THIS GUY WHO RUNS THIS TOWN!

THE *LAW* RUNS THIS TOWN, SAMPSON! OLD BESS AND I ARE HERE TO ENFORCE IT!

PUT THAT THING DOWN BEFORE IT GOES OFF! DUDES LIKE YOU GOT NO BUSINESS PLAYIN' WITH GUNS!

THE LAW IS NO LONGER A JOKE, SAMPSON! *YOU* PINNED THIS STAR ON ME AND I WON'T DISGRACE IT AS LONG AS IT'S THERE!

ALL RIGHT, SHERIFF! YOU WIN *THIS* TIME! TAKE THAT CANNON OUTA MY STOMACH!

I'M GLAD YOU MADE HIM BACK DOWN, SHERIFF! HE'S HAD THINGS HIS OWN WAY EVER SINCE YOUR BROTHER WAS AMBUSHED!

AND I HAVE A HUNCH I KNOW WHO DID IT! THERE'S *LAW* IN THIS TOWN AND THERE'S GOING TO BE *SHOTGUN JUSTICE* HERE, TOO!

LEAVING SAMPSON IN THE SALOON, THE SHERIFF GETS THE FIRST PUBLIC REACTION TO HIS NEW REGIME!

WELL, YOU HANDLED THAT THE WAY YOUR BROTHER WOULD HAVE! I HAVE A HUNCH YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT FROM NOW ON! I'M GOIN' OVER TO THE JAIL HOUSE AND REST A WHILE! COMIN'?

NO, I'M GOING TO WALK AROUND A LITTLE!

I *KNEW* HE HAD THE STUFF! HIS BROTHER WAS ONE OF THE MOST FEARLESS PEACE OFFICERS IN THE WEST!

THE TWO-GUN KID RELAXES AND WAITS FOR DEVELOPMENTS, WHICH, FROM LONG EXPERIENCE WITH TROUBLE, HE KNOWS ARE COMING....

YEAH, I WAS BUDDIES WITH STEVE TRENT FOR A *LONG* TIME! SOON'S I HEARD HE WAS SHOT I TOOK A RIDE UP! GLAD NOW I DID! AND I HAVE A HUNCH THAT STEVE'S KILLER IS GOIN' TO ATONE FOR HIS SINS REAL SOON!

YEAH, THE DUDE'LL MAKE A GOOD PEACE OFFICER IF HE LIVES LONG ENOUGH! *HEY!* *THAT* WAS THE *SHOTGUN*-- *BOTH* BARRELS!

BAM!

I HOPE I'M IN TIME! THE SHERIFF MUST BE IN TROUBLE ALREADY!

I KNOW YOU KILLED MY BROTHER, SAMPSON! AND YOU SICKED YOUR GUNNIE ON ME! WELL, HE'S DEAD AND YOU'RE GOING TO JOIN HIM! ***I ARREST YOU FOR THE MURDER OF SHERIFF STEVE TRENT!***

THIS JOKE HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH! I'M GONNA ***KILL*** YOU ***RIGHT NOW!***

I'LL TAKE THOSE GUNS, SAMPSON! MAKE A MOVE AND I'LL PULL THIS TRIGGER!

CLIC

TARNATION! IT'S...IT'S ***EMPTY!***

NOW, YOU MANGY CRITTER, IT'S ***MY*** TURN!

SUDDENLY, WITH THE SPEED OF STREAKED LIGHTNING, THE TWO-GUN KID CRASHES PAST THE SHERIFF AND...

ONE SIDE, SHERIFF... I'LL HANDLE THIS COYOTE!

BAM!

TWO-GUN, I DON'T KNOW HOW TO ***BEGIN*** TO THANK YOU!

NEVER MIND THE THANKS, BUT THERE'S ONE THING YOU ***CAN*** DO!

JUST REMEMBER, A SHOTGUN ONLY HAS ***TWO BARRELS!*** YOU USED BOTH LOADS BACK THERE AND TRIED TO DISARM SAMPSON WITH AN ***EMPTY GUN!*** I DON'T THINK YOUR BROTHER, BRAVE AS HE WAS, WOULD TRY THAT! WELL ADIOS!

THE END

Enjoy Hilarious "Monkey-Shines" at your next Masquerade Party

WITH THESE AMAZING LIFE-LIKE

RUBBER MASKS

The Monkey
$2.95

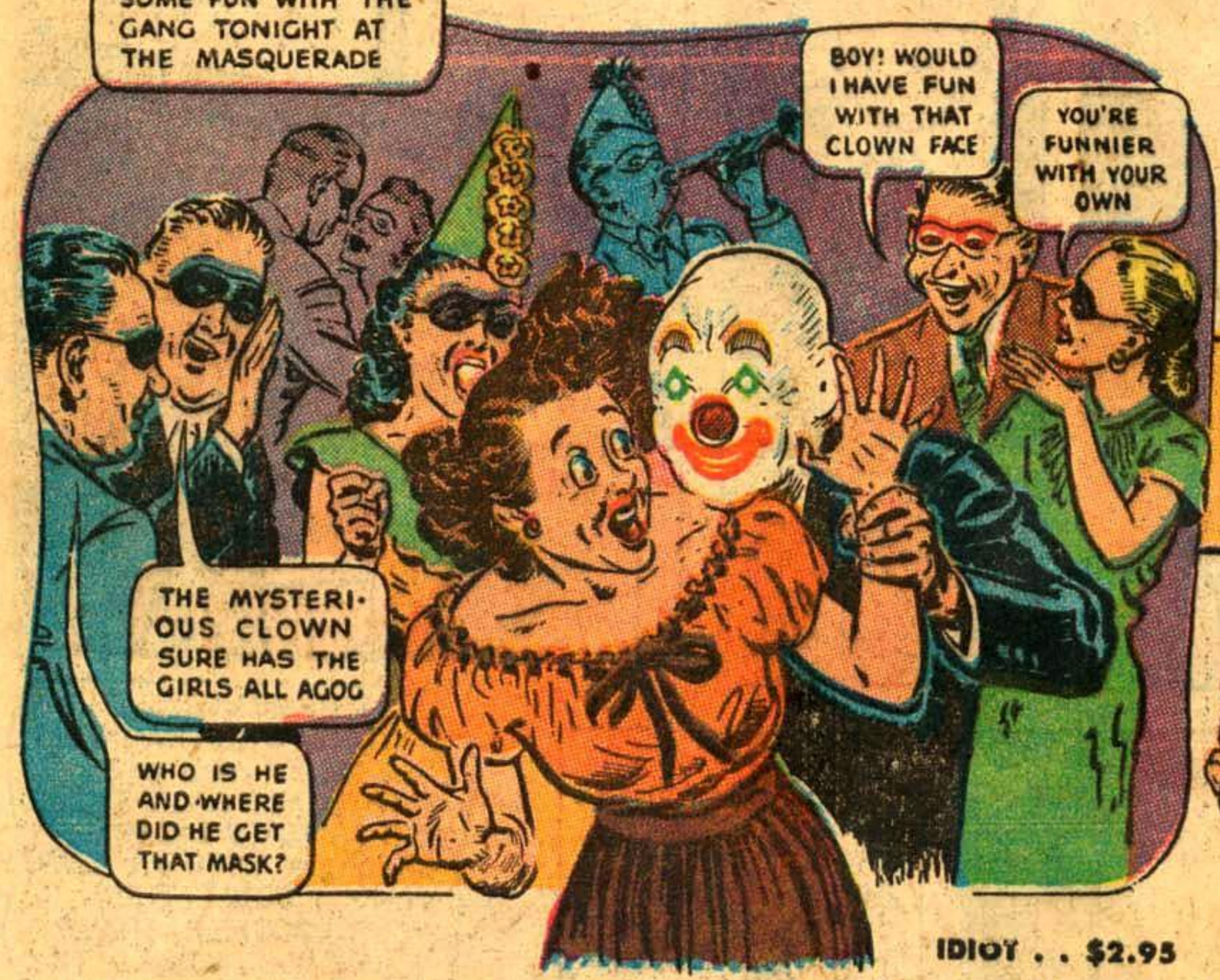
COVER ENTIRE HEAD . . . LAST FOR YEARS . . . SO LIFELIKE PEOPLE GASP WITH AMAZEMENT AND DELIGHT...

Mold-Art Rubber Masks are molded from best grade natural flexible rubber. They cover the entire head. Yet you see thru the "eyes." The mouth moves with your lips . . . you breathe . . . smoke . . . talk . . . even eat thru it. Hand-painted for realism. Wonderful for every dress-up occasion—for parties or gifts. Fun for children and adults alike.

Satan
$2.95

Old Man
$2.95

Old Lady
$2.95


BOY! WOULD I HAVE FUN WITH THAT CLOWN FACE
YOU'RE FUNNIER WITH YOUR OWN
THE MYSTERIOUS CLOWN SURE HAS THE GIRLS ALL AGOG
WHO IS HE AND WHERE DID HE GET THAT MASK?

OTHER SUBJECTS
Beggar, $2.95
Special
SANTA CLAUS, $4.95

Clown
$2.95

IDIOT . . $2.95

Yes here is Halfwit in all his goofiness. People howl with laughter when you put on this life-like mask.

SEND NO MONEY!

Just mail coupon below. ORDER MASKS BY NAME as listed in this ad. All masks priced at $2.95, except Santa Claus ($4.95). When package arrives pay postman the price plus C.O. D. postage (we pay postage if cash is sent with order). Sanitary laws prohibit return of worn masks. All masks guaranteed perfect.

RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS INC.
6044 Avondale Ave., Dept.54 L, Chicago 31, Illinois

RUSH COUPON NOW!

Rubber-For-Molds, Inc.
6044 Avondale Ave., Dept 54 L Chicago 31, Illinois
Send me Rubber Masks as listed below:

( ) Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman the price plus C.O.D. postage.
( ) Ship postpaid. Payment in full enclosed herewith.

NAME.....

STREET.....P.O. ZONE.....

CITY.....STATE.....

HEY-FELLAS WHERE'S JIM?
TODAY
SAT. MATINEE AT 2 P.M.
AMATEUR CONTEST
SAID HE'D MEET US HERE AT THE SHOW
LET'S GO ON IN--THE SHOW'LL BE STARTING

BEGINNERS! EXPERTS!

America's Finest HARMONICA

PLUS AMAZING NEW EASY 54 PAGE ILLUSTRATED PLAYING COURSE

BOTH BY MAIL FOR ONLY $1.98

Superior to any American or imported mouth organ manufactured! This PHILMONET is precision tuned. It's far easier to blow with rich tone that entrances. Has 10 Holes, 20 Bronze Reeds, Heavy Brass Plates, Heavy Chromium Plated Covers, Highly Polished, Lip and Tongue Ease; Easy Response; Longer Playing Life. Ebonite non-warp Comb. Entire instrument, comb, plates and covers firmly bolted into one single compact unit that can be taken apart, cleaned and sterilized in a few minutes! Key of "C." Not a toy but a real musical instrument. And even if you never blew a harmonica before, even if you don't know one music note from another, you can learn to play it "by tonight"!

BOTH By Mail For Only $1.98

KNOW THE JOY OF SWEET MOUTH-ORGAN MUSIC "BY TONIGHT"

SEND NO MONEY . . . 10 Day Trial

Yes, I can teach you to play sweet music that's joy for the soul . . . my new easier than ever instruction course is fully illustrated and shows you how to play any song without notes but by easily followed numbers. I show you how to do "tonguing," how to produce vibrato effects, trills . . . how to control rhythm for either solo or band playing. 54 pages, 10 illustrated lessons plus 41 pages of songs . . . yes, numbers and words to play 75 ever popular songs! Amazing offer not only brings instruction course but America's finest harmonica, the nationally known Philmonet . . . BOTH for only $1.98. Best of all, you test it at my risk! Mail your name, I'll send Philmonet and Instruction Course. On arrival deposit only $1.98 plus C.O.D. postage. Keep 10 days. If 10 day trial doesn't delight beyond words, return purchase for money back! Be popular. Have fun! Know the contentment of music. Write for this wonderful music offer today!

JIM MAJOR Dept. 54-L 230 E. Ohio St. Chicago 11, Illinois

HOW DID YOU LEARN TO PLAY SO QUICKLY?
WHERE DID YOU GET THE HARMONICA?
I GOT IT BY MAIL WITH AN ILLUSTRATED PLAYING COURSE FROM JIM MAJOR!

SEND NO MONEY • MAIL COUPON

JIM MAJOR, The Harmonica Man

Dept. 54 L 230 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill.

Send all metal Philmonet Harmonica with 54 page Illustrated Instruction Course. I'll pay only $1.98 plus C.O.D. postage on arrival on your guarantee if I am not satisfied on 10 day trial I can return for full refund.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

BOYS! GIRLS!

Here's An Amazing New COMBINATION BALL PEN and MECHANICAL PENCIL that meets ALL Your Writing Needs

ATTENTION CLASS—OUR EXAMINATION PERIOD IS UP... PLEASE HAND IN YOUR PAPERS WHETHER FINISHED OR NOT.
AW-GEE! I'M NOT EVEN HALF THROUGH.
GIVE US MORE TIME!
BOY! ARE THESE PROBLEMS EVER TOUGH!?!
NEXT DAY
I REGRET TO TELL YOU THAT HALF THE CLASS FAILED IN THE EXAMINATION, THE OTHERS RECEIVED VERY POOR GRADES WITH ONE EXCEPTION. GLORIA'S PAPER WAS PERFECT... A MODEL OF NEATNESS AND GOOD PENMANSHIP... GLORIA, WILL YOU PLEASE TELL US HOW YOU DID IT?
YOU SEE THIS SHINY BALL-PEN? WELL IT HAS A MECHANICAL PENCIL ON THE OTHER END. IN THE EXAM I DID ALL OF THE PROBLEMS IN PENCIL FIRST AND THEN COPIED THEM IN INK WITH MY BALL-PEN.

SEND NO MONEY! Just Mail Coupon! Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Refunded PLUS ONE DOLLAR EXTRA FOR YOUR TIME AND TROUBLE!

Accept this sensational new value . . . a combination Ball Point Pen and a Mechanical Pencil . . . all for only $1.95. Note the quality features shown at right . . . ar all-metal pen . . . streamlined, unbreakable, satin finish barrel . . . 3 year supply of ink . . . automatic pencil with propel, repel, expel action includes eraser and supply of leads! These are features you ordinarily look for in pen-and-pencil combinations selling for many dollars higher. Now it's all yours for only $1.95. Mail coupon today.

GIRLS-BOYS! MAKE YOUR SCHOOL WORK PLEASANT EASY, QUICK WITH THIS WONDERFUL COMBINATION PEN AND PENCIL!

BALL POINT PEN ON THIS END
LOOK! UP TO 3 YEARS INK SUPPLY
LOOK-ALL METAL STREAMLINED SATIN FINISH UNBREAKABLE BARREL.
ONLY $1.95
LOOK- NOT $15.00 NOT $10.00 NOT EVEN $5.00-BUT ONLY $1.
LOOK! A QUALITY PENCIL WITH PROPEL, REPEL, EXPEL ACTION -COMPLETE WITH LEADS AND ERASERS
MECHANICAL PENCIL ON THIS END

DON'T SEND A PENNY. Pay postman only $1.95 plus C.O.D. postage when package arrives. Try this pen and pencil ten days. If you're not 100% delighted with the "buy" you've made . . . just return it. Martin King will not only refund your purchase price in full . . . HE WILL PAY YOU ONE DOLLAR EXTRA FOR YOUR TIME AND TROUBLE.

THE PENMAN
DEPT. 54L
179 N. MICHIGAN AVE.
CHICAGO 1, ILL.

MAIL COUPON NOW!

THE PENMAN, Dept. 54 L
179 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.

Send me 1948 Ball Point Pen and Mechanical Pencil unit. When package arrives, I will pay postman $1.95 plus C.O.D. postage. If I am not 100% satisfied, I will return it for my $1.95.

Name _____
(print plainly)

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____